I feele this pin pricke, would I were aſſur'd of my condition.

Cord. O looke vpon me ſir, and hold your hands in benedicti-
on or'e me, no ſir you muſt not kneele.

Lear. Pray doe not mocke,
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Foureſcore and vpward, and to deale plainly
I feare I am not in my perfect mind,
Mee thinks I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtfull, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I haue
Remembers not theſe garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night, doe not laugh at me,
For as I am a man, I thinke this Ladie
To be my child *Cordelia.* *Cord.* And ſo I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet, yes faith, I pray weep not,
If you haue poyſon for mee I will drinke it,
I know you doe not loue me, for your ſiſters
Haue as I doe remember, done me wrong,
You haue ſome cauſe, they haue not.

Cord. No cauſe, no cauſe. *Lear.* Am I in *France?*

Kent. In your owne kingdome ſir.

Lear. Doe not abuſe me?

Doct. Be comforted good Madame, the great rage you ſee is
cured in him, and yet it is danger to make him euen ore the time
hee has loſt, deſire him to goe in, trouble him no more till fur-
ther ſetling. *Cord.* Wilt pleaſe your highnes walke?

Lear. You muſt beare with me, pray now forget and forgiue,
I am old and fooliſh. *Exeunt. Manet Kent and Gent.*

Gent. Holds it true ſir that the Duke of *Cornwall* was ſo ſlaine?

Kent. Moſt certaine ſir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As tis ſaid, the baſtard ſonne of *Gloſter.*

Gent. They ſay *Edgar* his baniſht ſonne is with the Earle of
Kent in *Germanie.*

Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,
The powers of the kingdome approach apace.

Gent. The arbiterment is like to be bloudie, fare you well ſir.

Kent. My poynt and period will be throughly wrought,

Or